

ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache.

Joseph McCarty, of 114 Sholto street, Chicago, Sackm of Tecumseh Lodge, says: "Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so lame that at times I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. There seemed to be no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills; but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

If they are bright with hope there is no lurking spot for despair.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA.

Face Like Raw Beef—Thought She Would Lose Her Ear—Healed Without a Blemish—Mother Thanks Cuticura.

"My little girl had eczema very bad when she was ten months old. I thought she would lose her right ear. It had turned black, and her face was like a piece of raw meat, and very sore. It would bleed when I washed her, and I had to keep cloths on it day and night. There was not a clear spot on her face when I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now it is completely healed, without scar or blemish, which is more than I had hoped for. (Signed) Mrs. Rose Ether, 291 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

A little friendliness is worth a whole lot of financial assistance.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption, has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOSEPH F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900

A man may be the head of the family, but he has to foot the bills.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Completed the Cheer.

A day or two are there appeared on the register of the Coates house the names of Charles Hipp and Mrs. Hipp of Chicago. A traveling man, who was the next arrival, picked up a pen and, hesitating moment, said to the clerk, "I guess I'll change my name today." Then under the names of the Chicago guests he wrote, "John T. Hooray."—Kansas City Times.

Game She Didn't Like.

A little girl, the daughter of a minister, was up later than usual one night, and for the first time in her life was present at family prayers. During the reading of the Bible she was very quiet, but when her father knelt down to pray she went up to him, and touching him on the shoulder, said: "Pa, I don't like to play at this game."

Poverty and Education.

Poverty is a great bar to education, but would not be if both the child and the parent were alive to the real value of an education. If education cannot be acquired in one way it can in another. The trouble is that the judgment of the child is too immature to prove a safe guide, and the parent leaves everything to the child.

Insects Destroy Telephone Poles.

Owing to the climatic deterioration and insect destruction of the wooden poles the eighty miles of telephone line in Abyssinia have to be constantly patrolled by special police to insure continuous operation.

HONEST CONFESSION.

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all much advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the roughest, healthiest little boys I ever saw. I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eruptions (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits so lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
(Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown and Company)
(All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He had missed the picture from its place over his hearth at Barataria; but, knowing there were others like it, he had no thought that he was looking upon what had been his own.

Presently, with a sign indicating relief, Claiborne handed the last paper to Jackson, and leaning forward, with his elbows upon the arms of his chair, said, his voice showing more of contempt than anger, "Most edifying assortment of reading, to be sure, Capt. Laffitte. Are these all—these four papers, two of them addressed to you, Capt. Percy's instructions to his subordinates, and the proclamation to the people of this state?"

"These are all, general; and they contain all the information within my power to give you now," Laffitte replied.

Claiborne began to refold the papers, while the general turned to Laffitte.

"It is a fine offer you have received—all you can possibly desire."

"I wish—will take, nothing that England can ever have to offer me," Laffitte added, with sudden fierceness. "I hate the nation, and its ways! Nothing could induce me to accept, now or ever, any terms from the English."

The first unguarded evidence of anything like cordial liking now manifested itself in Jackson's face. Yet there was nothing of this in his voice as he said, "May I ask, then, Capt. Laffitte, if possibly some motive of personal revenge brought you here tonight with a renewal of your offer?"

Laffitte's face flushed through its swartheness; then it paled, and grew stern.

"I understood that you needed soldiers—most of all, artillerymen; that you also needed arms—cannon and muskets. I came to offer all I have left of men and resources, for your use, and that of Louisiana. I ask no pay for myself—only for my men, if

—glancing at the clock on the mantel opposite him—"It is late, and I must return to headquarters. I shall look for you to report to me at nine in the morning, to talk over matters in detail. I must know precisely as to the amount of assistance I am to count upon from you; and there are other things about which I wish to consult you. I understand that no man is so familiar as yourself with the country to the south and southwest of here. Is this true?"

"Yes, general, as I think I may say without egotism."

"So I supposed; and I shall have some questions to ask of you in regard to it. My knowledge of the country is not entirely complete, and I wish to obtain all possible information respecting the roads and waterways."

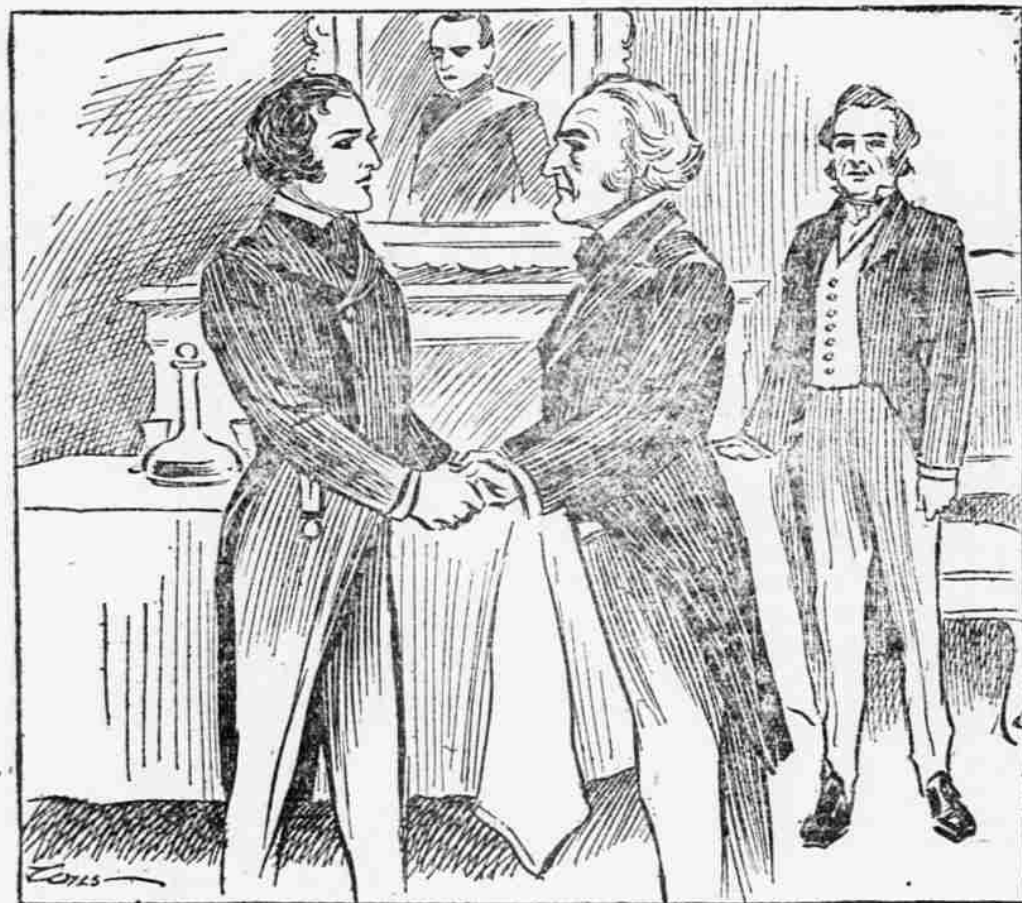
"I shall be happy to serve you, sir, to the best of my ability; and I thank you, gentlemen—both of you, for the favor you have shown me."

The sudden huskiness of Laffitte's firm voice was the only indication of his pent-up feelings, as he added, "Tonight, Gen. Jackson, I thank you in words; but I hope to soon manifest my gratitude in a more substantial form—one that shall cause you no regret for the justice you have shown to Jean Laffitte of Barataria."

He left them—his departure being as rapid and quiet as had been his appearance; and Jackson, turning to Claiborne, said, with a smile of grim satisfaction, "I believe that we can save New Orleans; and if we do, by the Eternal, a good share of the credit will belong to the men whom I called 'pirates and robbers,' and approved of your hanging!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The December sunshine lying about La Tete des Eaux gave a warmth and brightness that would have made the season of the year scarcely to be realized by one born to New England's ice and snow; and the cold breeze



Extended both hands, which Laffitte grasped cordially.

you will; if, not, then I will try to take care of that, and they are yours without pay. The one thing I demand is what I have stated already—a full pardon for my men and myself—a pardon for all offenses or alleged offenses against the laws of this state or of the United States."

"Assuming," said Claiborne, "that everything is as you say, and that your proposition is accepted, what security have I, as governor of this state, and responsible, not only to its people, but to the President, that you will fulfill your agreement?"

Jackson, with an impatient glance at Claiborne, started to speak; but he checked himself as Laffitte answered coldly, "My personal manhood and honor. Ask any merchant of New Orleans with whom I have had dealings if ever I failed to fulfill my contracts. Ask any bank in New Orleans if my paper has ever been dishonored. No man, woman or child, white or black, who knows my name, but will tell you that I always keep my promises."

"Well answered!" And Jackson, every vestige of reserve now swept away, arose from his chair, and coming around the table, extended both hands, which Laffitte grasped cordially.

Claiborne's manner underwent a marked change, although it was still somewhat formal as he said, "Capt. Laffitte, I cannot do otherwise than believe you to be sincere, and to admire the motives which have led you to take this most honorable course. I am pleased to be able to recognize in you a good and loyal citizen; and my proclamation against you will be revoked in the morning. Meanwhile, in token of amity between us, here is my hand, sir."

Laffitte, after a moment's hesitation, took the extended hand, and bent his head with a courtesy cold as that which had marked Claiborne's former manner.

Jackson, evidently determined not to accept the governor's attitude as a criterion for his own, said, with increased friendliness: "Capt. Laffitte, I shall commend you to the President, by the next post, and furnish him with a full statement of this matter. But"

stirring among the trees would have been but the frosty breath of early fall, turned by the sunrise to dews that drenched the grass and few fallen leaves.

Gen. La Roche was hurrying through breakfast, while his saddled horse, in charge of a mounted negro, pawed impatiently as he stood waiting for his master.

La Roche had returned home only the day before, for a brief visit, and to assure himself that all was well with his household, consisting now of his sister, Lazalie, and Rose de Cazeneuve.

Even at this, the last hour of his stay, some of the items of news he had brought from the city were being discussed and enlarged upon.

"A curious change of affairs," remarked Madame Riefet, "that Gen. Jackson should now be trusting so much to the Baratarians, who, only last September, were denounced by him, as well as by every one else."

The general laughed.

"Well—yes. In September they were 'pirates,' and 'hellish banditti'; but in December they are privateers, and their leaders are gentlemen. Yet I can assure you that they are brave fellows and tremendous fighters, and just the men needed now to help save New Orleans."

Then, while folding his napkin, the general said animatedly, "How could I have forgotten to tell you a most surprising piece of news about Capt. Jean? That young man is a puzzle to me."

"What now?" asked Lazalie with marked interest, as La Roche pushed back his chair and looked at his watch.

"Just this," answered La Roche, smiling at her, and then glancing at the others in a way to show that he was about to startle them: "It appears that Capt. Jean has the honor of a personal acquaintance with Napoleon."

"What?" chorused the three amazed hearers; and Madame Riefet murmured, in an awe-stricken tone, "Capt. Jean knows the French emperor?"

La Roche nodded.

"But he is emperor no longer, my dear, nor was he such when Laffitte knew him."

"But how can such a thing be possible?" Lazalie began when Madame Riefet, having recovered herself, interrupted with: "Tell us all about it, Philip. How could he know Napoleon, and where did you hear such an improbable story?"

"From himself," was the laconic reply, accompanied by a look of great satisfaction.

The general was filled with exultation at his ability to give his sister—who had frequently expressed her dislike of his intimacy with Laffitte—a piece of information which he was quite aware would, with her—a worshiper of the illustrious Corsican—place the Baratarian leader in a position second only to him whose acquaintance he could claim.

"I cannot credit such a thing," she declared.

"You could, and you would, had you been where I was, to hear what he said to Gen. Jackson. It came about in this way: A week or ten days ago, Laffitte rendered an important service, of a private nature, to Claiborne, and the governor urged him to name something as a reward for his services. What Laffitte asked was a picture of Napoleon, which it seems was his own property, although he was not aware of it at the time. It had been looted by one of our men during that September attack on Barataria, and Claiborne had rescued it, being about as near over Napoleon as you, yourself, sister mine; and Laffitte had seen it hanging on the wall of the governor's study."

"The other day, at headquarters, I was present when Jackson and Laffitte were having a conference, during which the general spoke of the matter, and rallied Laffitte upon the sentimental price he had named for so valuable a service; he added that probably, like all Frenchmen, he made a sort of male Madonna out of Napoleon."

"I wish you could have seen Laffitte's face when he answered. I reverse him as the man I have known and loved since I was a young boy, and who has been as truly my guardian angel as ever a good Catholic could pray the Holy Mother to be. And I wish you could have seen Jackson's face as he heard it."

Madame Riefet gasped, and the two girls exclaimed in amazement.

"It was in France, then, that Capt. Jean knew him?" Madame said wonderingly.

"Naturally, Louise, as Napoleon has never been in this country." The general now consulted his watch, and added, "I must be off; and, by the way, let none of you mention the surprising fact that I have just related, as it might not be pleasing to Capt. Jean. He said no more than I have repeated, and was unmistakably averse to enlarging upon the subject."

"He always seems averse to talking of himself, or of his past life," Lazalie said, as if thinking aloud, while they rose from the table; and Madame Riefet remarked rather severely that it was perhaps because there was some disgrace connected with his past, and that this it might be which had made him leave France.

The look of resentful indignation which this uncharitable comment brought to Mademoiselle de Cazeneuve's face was softened somewhat when the general, laying a hand on either of his sister's plump shoulders, said, as he kissed her cheek, "For one so naturally kind of heart as you are, Louise, it is curious what wrongful things you occasionally think in regard to other people."

After he was in the saddle, and the ladies were standing on the veranda to see him depart, he warned Lazalie that, for the present at least, she should confine her aquatic excursions to the immediate vicinity of the plantation. Then, observing the perturbed expression his words had brought to Madame Riefet's face, he added that they were not to worry about the English, as the latter were not at all likely to appear in the neighborhood of Lake Borgne.

(To be continued.)

Conductor Has Reward Coming.

The combination of strike, rain and crowded surface cars has been hard on women and children who must travel up and down town. A mile of a girl stood in the rain at Thirty-third street and Broadway for more than an hour on Wednesday night, trying to get a car up town. Finally a blockade caused a car to stop near her. The conductor was on the rear platform, so hemmed in that he had not collected a fare for twenty minutes.

"Mister Conductor," said the child, crying "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me on."

The conductor grasped the roof of the car, pulled himself up and, standing on the dashboard, lifted the weeping little one into the place he had made vacant. Then he transferred a nickel from his trousers pocket to the coat pocket where he kept the company's money.

"I want your number," said the girl "I won't ever forget you, and I'll embroider you something nice."—New York Sun.

A Natural Inquiry.

The simplicity of some former inaugural happenings is illustrated by an odd story which has been revived and is going the rounds at Washington. It was originally told by Frederick Douglass in his lecture on John Brown. Just after his first inauguration President Lincoln was one day blacking his boots in democratic fashion when several foreign diplomats called and caught him in the act. One of them remarked, sneeringly: "Mr. President, in our countries the chief executives do not black their own boots." "Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, with evident curiosity, "whose boots do they black?"

Nebraska News

Saloon license in Lincoln this year will cost \$1,500.

The salary of the mayor of Beatrice has been increased to \$250 a year.

Anton Engleman, a West Point jeweler, has been declared insane and taken to the asylum.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wittwer, living near Humboldt, last week celebrated their golden wedding.

The town of Burwell is being greatly stirred in a religious way by Evangelist Jones of Lincoln.

The Nebraska State Medical association will hold its annual meeting in Beatrice on May 1, 2 and 3.

More building is going on in Fremont just at the present time than at any previous time in the last decade. About fifty new residences are being built.

Word from Boelus is to the effect that the sheriff of Howard county has given up the chase for the robbers who blew the safe of the bank and secured about \$4,000.

The general store of L. Kropp at Wyoming, Otero county, was entered and robbed, entrance being effected by breaking open a back window. A large amount of goods were taken.

The case of the state against Henry Broer for the killing of his father, John H. Broer, November 11, 1904, was submitted to the jury at Geneva, who returned a verdict of not guilty.

The home of Mrs. Roby, of Grand Island, a widow, was burned to the ground, only about fifty dollars' worth of furniture being saved. Mrs. Roby was away from home at the time of the fire.

The Beatrice Chautauqua association is making elaborate preparations for this year's session, July 6 to 18 inclusive, and will present one of the best programs in the history of the organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Bryson, old residents of Gage county, living near Adams, celebrated their golden wedding. About 150 relatives and friends helped to make the occasion one to be long remembered.

A barn and contents, including three horses, 1,500 bushels of corn and a quantity of grain and hay, belonging to John Holm, five miles west of Odell, was burned. The loss is estimated at \$2,500 with no insurance.

Street Bros. of Broken Bow have been putting down a hydraulic well on George Ransley's place, about twelve miles southwest of town. When at the depth of fifty feet they struck a vein of coal measuring several inches.

Leon and Jay Lyons, two boys living south of Firth, went out to a common duck pond with their tame ducks as decoys and in a few minutes bagged eleven wild geese out of one flock and in another half hour bagged nine more from another flight.

The Plattsmouth city council at its last regular meeting decided to cancel the license of any saloonkeeper who in the future is found guilty of selling liquor to a minor or to any person after having received a written request to refrain from so doing.

Earl Long, the 15-year-old son of James Long, living eight miles south of Beatrice, was probably fatally injured by the accidental discharge of a shot gun, which he was dragging from behind while en route to a pond to shoot ducks. He will probably die.

The children of H. C. Suthelt, who resides a few miles northeast of here in the corner of Nemaha county, have begun action in the county court of that county to have a guardian appointed for their father, alleging that he is of unsound mind and therefore incompetent to transact his own business.

Frederick Erbs, aged about 60 years, was almost instantly killed at Columbus in a rather unusual manner. He was working for Patrick Murray, one of the wealthiest farmers in the county, and was returning from town with a load of malt for hog feed. The wagon wheel dropped into a rut and Erbs fell off and one wheel passed over his head, crushing it badly. He lived only a few minutes.

The supreme court at its last sitting inaugurated a new rule, which will save much time to attorneys. The rule is that all attorneys who expect to make an oral argument before the court must file their intentions with the clerk and they will be notified of the time for the argument. This will save the attorneys from coming to Lincoln on the first day of the sitting, when probably the argument would not be heard.

Mrs. Minerva Colby of Beatrice, widow of the late Dr. Colby, has filed remonstrances against the seven saloon proprietors who were in business in Beatrice a year ago. Mrs. Colby states that on account of the defendants selling liquor to her husband he was unable to handle a fractions team and was killed in a runaway.

Friends fear that prison life is sapping the mentality of Mrs. Lillie, now confined in the penitentiary for murdering her husband.

What appears to be the work of an incendiary caused four fires in Norfolk within a few hours, some of them simultaneously.

A young man by the name of Rankin was found dead in a field near Unadilla. He had been working on the farm of W. C. Stokes near Unadilla and had left the Stokes residence early in the day, taking a shotgun with him. His death is believed to have been accidental.

EVERY ONE ASKS HIM

HOW HE GOT RID OF HIS OBSTINATE MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Jones Tells of the Way by Which He Treated Himself Successfully When Doctors Failed.

Six physicians, all of them good, one of them a specialist, had done their best for Mr. Jones at different times during three years, and still he suffered fearfully from the tortures of rheumatism.

The rheumatism that had been dormant in his system was suddenly brought to an acute stage by exposure while he was drawing ice in February, 1901. From that time on for a period of more than three years he was a constant sufferer. He tried many kinds of treatment, but the rheumatism wouldn't budge. When regular doctors failed, and one remedy after another proved useless, many said: "I should think he would give it up and save his money."

Of his condition at this time, Mr. Jones says: "My rheumatism started in my right thigh, but in time it appeared in every muscle of my body. I lost the use of my left arm entirely and nearly lost the use of my right one. My feet were badly affected, especially the bottoms of the heels. When my right side was affected there was swelling, but the left side didn't swell when the disease settled there. The internal organs didn't seem to be involved at all. The trouble was all in the muscles and the nerves."

Among the few who still encouraged Mr. Jones to think that a cure might yet be found was a friend who had reason for great confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on her advice he bought a box of them in September, 1904. The story of what followed is brief, but nothing could be more satisfactory.

"When I was on the third box," says Mr. Jones, "I could realize a change for the better. I felt sure then that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the right medicine for my case. I kept on with them for several weeks longer and now I am entirely well, and everybody is asking what I took."

Mr. William Jones lives at Oxford, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effect wonderful cures in rheumatism, because they work directly on the blood which is the seat of the disease. They are sold by every druggist.

New South Wales Wool.

New South Wales owns more than 60 per cent of the entire number of sheep pastured in the provinces of Australia. Since 1869 the wool clip has brought to New South Wales alone the enormous sum of \$1,330,000. Nearly 250,000,000 pounds of wool are yearly exported from New South Wales. Angora goats have also been bred in the colony, and there are at present nearly 40,000 of them in the country.

New and Profitable Occupation.

A shorthand writer in Berlin attends the funerals of prominent persons and takes down verbatim the addresses of the officiating clergymen. He prepares highly-ornamented copies of these and sells them to the friends of the eulogized dead. He is doing a profitable trade.

American Coal Production.

The United States produces 319,000,000 metric tons of coal a year, worth at the mines \$485,000,000 and costing consumers nearly a billion dollars.

Iris plants grow in Tibet, 15,500 feet above sea level, in such masses as to look like sheets of purple.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Broadland, S. Dak., April 17.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who after a special treatment for three months was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray, there is a remedy which will cure it even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's Disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so. For this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed and after a few weeks' treatment I was a strong, well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any lesser Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which modern medical research has given to the world.

The water is so clear in the floods of Norway that objects 1½ inches in diameter can be distinctly seen at a depth of 150 feet.

The Present Rate Law.

The duties of the present Interstate Commerce Commission are to correct all discriminations in railroad rates. If it finds that an unjust rate is in effect, the railroad is notified. If it declines to change it, the Commission can bring suit in Court and if the Court decides in favor of the Commission's finding, the railroad must obey, or its officers may be brought up for contempt of court and summarily dealt with.

People who are always regretting the past, are always the people who are putting the future on the bum.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.